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ISAAC FOOT

COLERIDGE'S POEMS

Coleridge's Poems

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF THE PROOFS
AND MSS. OF SOME OF THE POEMS

EDITED BY THE LATE

JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL

*Author of "Samuel Taylor Coleridge, A Narrative of the Events
of his Life;" and Editor of "The Poetical Works
of Samuel Taylor Coleridge."*

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES BY

W. HALE WHITE

WESTMINSTER

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PREFACE.

IN his edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works (1893) Mr. Dykes Campbell says (p. 613), "There is a much-tortured draft of *Love* in the British Museum, of which (and of several other curiosities of the kind) I have printed a type-facsimile. The little volume only awaits a preface and notes." There are also other allusions to the contents of this volume in the notes to the *Poetical Works*. Mr. Campbell died soon after the printing of the facsimile was completed, and the preface and notes to it were not written. He indicated the source whence the latter part of his facsimile was derived, but there was nothing in it to show where or what was the original of the first part. At last, after much search, it was discovered to be the collection of proofs belonging to Mr. R. A. Potts, to which there is a reference at p. 574 *P. W.* Mr. Campbell had spent much labour and time upon these "curiosities," and although it can hardly be hoped that their sale will be large, it has been thought worth while to publish them. They

were already printed, and there may be a few students and lovers of Coleridge to whom any record of his ways and methods may be precious. They are also evidence, although no additional evidence is needed, of the religious care with which Mr. Campbell discharged his duty as biographer and editor. I cannot attempt to supply a substitute for what he left undone. I should fear the comparison between anything I might venture to say and conjectures of what my friend would have said, and I must confine myself to a few words of description and explanation.

Mr. Potts has kindly lent me his little volume. It is bound in boards and the corrections are in Coleridge's own hand. On the back is written "Coleridge's MSS. Corrected copy of a work." On the side in Coleridge's hand are the words "Mr. Cottle's." In part it is a copy of the *Poems* of 1796 prepared for the printer, but it is not a final revise. It is interleaved in MS., and in addition to a portion of the text of 1796 it contains proofs of the notes of 1797 and of the *Ode to the Departing Year*. The 1796 text in the present reprint is on white paper. The MS.

interleaving and the proofs of notes are on blue paper. The proofs of the *Ode* are on white paper. Erased letters, words and passages, are printed in italics and are enclosed in brackets. The paging of the reprint is at the bottom.

Advertisement.—This is to be found at p. 243 of the *Poems* of 1797. The list of poems following the advertisement is the list of Coleridge's poems in the supplement to that edition excluding *On the Christening of a Friend's Child*.

Religious Musings (p. 55).—The passage about Priestley which is here struck out was restored in 1797, but without the two and a half lines beginning at "Whom that" expressing "impotent regret" that the author had never seen him.

Notes.—There are three sets of proofs of the notes which follow those on *Religious Musings*, but the first ends in the middle of note 13 about light from plants. The third proof is uncorrected. There is also an uncorrected proof of the note on the Chatterton Monody. Mr. Campbell has printed only one set incorporating in it all the corrections with the exception of one or two which are of no importance.

Note on the Monody to Chatterton.—This is the suppressed note to which Cottle refers (*Early Recollections*, i. 34—*Reminiscences*, 24). He says, “on this note being shown to me, I remarked that ‘Captain Blake, whom he occasionally met, was the son-in-law of Dean Milles.’ ‘What,’ said Mr. Coleridge, ‘the man with the great sword?’ ‘The same,’ I answered. ‘Then,’ said Mr. C. with an assumed gravity, ‘I will suppress this note to Chatterton; the fellow might have my head off before I am aware!’ To be sure there was something rather formidable in his huge dragoon’s sword, constantly rattling by his side! This Captain Blake was a member of the Bristol Corporation, and a pleasant man, but his sword was prodigious! ‘The sight of it,’ Mr. C. said, ‘was enough to set half-a-dozen poets scampering up Parnassus, as though hunted by a wild mastadon.’” Cottle then professes to give the note, but his version differs from that of the MS. now printed.

Note to the Sonnet on Burke.—The cancelled passage is taken from the *Watchman*, No. i. p. 22, (See *P. W.*, p. 574). The last paragraph of the

note seems to assume the existence of the *Watchman*, and it may have been actually written before 13 May, 1796, when the *Watchman* came to an end, although the proof is set up for the edition of 1797.

Note to The Composition of a Kiss.—Mr. E. R. Norris Mathews, the City Librarian at Bristol, has kindly given me the following description of the *Carmina Quadragesimalia* to which Coleridge refers.

[The title-page: vol. i.] Carmina | quadra-
gesimalia | ab | ædis Christi | Oxon. | Alumnis
composita | et ab | ejusdem ædis | Baccalaureis
Determinantibus | in | Schola | Naturalis Philo-
sophiæ | publice recitata.

Oxonii, | e Theatro Sheldoniano | MDCCXXIII. |

[The title page of the second volume is identical as far as "recitata," then—] Volumen Secundum.

| Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniano, | MDCCXLVIII.

Coleridge alters "Adiddit" (*sic*) to "Addit et," but it is "Additit" in the original. Who "L. Thomas" was is not known. The title of the poem is "An Omne Corpus Componatur? Affr."

Ode on the Departing Year.—There are two proofs, neither of them final revises, but the second comes after the first in order of time. This is evident from Coleridge's remark at p. 97 and Cottle's reply at p. 111. Cottle and his printer have therefore paid but small attention to Coleridge's directions, and Cottle's note on the second proof to the line *In the black chamber, etc.*, is wrong, as it is clearly struck out in the first proof. The reference on p. 88 is to Bishop Lowth's *Short Introduction to English Grammar*. The list of poems (p. 98) is a list of all Charles Lloyd's poems included in the edition of 1797.

The remainder of Mr. Campbell's facsimile consists of extracts from the British Museum MSS. quoted on p. 113. They are bound in a thin volume, which was bought of Mr. H. Bohn in 1868. It contains *To Lesbia*, *Morienti Superstes*, *The Death of the Starling*, three lines from *Dejection*, and a prose note besides the poems now printed. The leaves are separate and belong to different dates.

The Dark Ladie.—This was first printed in the *Morning Post* of 21 Dec., 1799. It next appeared,

greatly altered, as *Love*, in the second (1800) edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. There are four forms of it known to me, that of the present transcript, the *Morning Post*, the Longman MS.,¹ and the *Lyrical Ballads*. It would be interesting to print a variorum edition of the poem, but as this is impossible in the space allotted to me, reference must be made by the reader who wishes to understand the relationship between these four forms to *P. W.*, pp. 612-614. The MS. of our facsimile is clearly prior to the *Morning Post*. The two stanzas following the fifth to the left and right are essays in the construction of two stanzas in the *Morning Post*. The last line of the 28th stanza is to be found in a remodelled stanza in the *Post* and in the Longman MS., but Coleridge has obliterated the whole verse in the latter. This is enough to show, independently of all the other obvious considerations, that it is an early, if not the first draft, which we have before us. The exquisite 25th stanza has not before

¹ *A Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS. in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman.* Edited with notes by W. Hale White, 1897.

been printed. To my mind and ear it is inimitable, and it is of itself sufficient to justify the publication of Mr. Campbell's labours.

The second MS. is an incomplete copy of *Love*. Those stanzas which are found in the MS. vary but slightly from those in the final version, with the exception of the last two on p. 127. The first of these is in the *Post* and Longman MSS., but, as I have just said, has been struck out in the latter, and is consequently not in the *Lyrical Ballads*. The second of the two stanzas corresponds with the *Post* and Longman MSS. The date of this portion of the MS. of the facsimile is probably after that of the *Post* and before that of the Longman MSS.

Lewti.—It may be worth while to note that Coleridge most likely takes his "Tamaha" from the "Alatamaha" of Bartlett's *Travels in North America* (p. 12).

W. HALE WHITE.

MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR. POTTS.

[MS.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

N.B. To be placed before the poems which I
have retained.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing, that what ^{most} delighted me, when I was “young in *writing* poetry, would probably best please those, who are young in *reading* poetry: and a man must learn to be *pleased* with a subject before he can ^{yield} [*give*] that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste.” I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the Press what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect [*or*] both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request & the reasoning would not therefore have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these Verses, which I

[MS.]

have thus endeavoured to *reprieve* from imme-
oblivion,
diate was originally addressed "To the Author of
Poems published anonymously, at Bristol." A second
Edition of these poems has lately appeared with the
Author's name prefixed, and I could not refuse myself
the gratification ^{of seeing} the name of that man among
my poems, without whose kindness they would
probably have remained unpublished; and to
whom I know myself greatly & variously
obliged, as a poet, a man, and a Christian.—The
second is entitled "an Effusion on an autumnal
Evening, written in early youth." In a note to
this poem I had asserted, that the Tale of Florio in
Mr Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" was to be
found in the Loch leven ^{of Bruce.} I did (and still do)
perceive a certain likeness between the two sto-
ries; but certainly not a sufficient ^{one} to justify my

[MS.]

assertion. I feel it my Duty therefore to apologize to the Author & the Public for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clear^{ly} [ness] than myself the *littleness* & futility of imagining plagiarisms in [the] the works of men of Genius; but nemo omnibus horis sapit, and my mind, at the time of writing that note, was sick & sore with anxiety, and weakened thro' much suffering. I have not the most [knowledge] distant knowlege of Mr Rogers, except as a correct & elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by inform^{ing him} [er] that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction by an [senten] unfolicited & self-originating apology.

Having from these motives ^{readmitted} [retained] two, & those the longest of the poems, I had omitted, I [gave a]

[MS.]

yielded a passport to the three others, which [*bad*] were recommended by the greatest number of votes.—There are some Lines too of Lloyd's & Lambs in this appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume partly by accident; but I have reason to believe, that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; & they are [*they*] are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

1. To Joseph Cottle, Author of &c
2. An Effusion on an Autumnal Evening, written in
early Youth.
3. Verses in the manner of Spencer.
4. The Composition of a Kiss.
- 5th. To an Infant.

Then Lamb's & Lloyd's.

[MS.]

*[Yet thou more bright than all the Angel Blaze
That harbinger'd thy birth, thou, Man of Woes
Despised GALILÆAN! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
Seems with peculiar & unsullied light
To shine from forth th' oppressed Good Man's face,]*

[6]

[MS.]

[*Religious Musings, a desultory Poem written on the
Christmas Eve of 1794.*

*This is the time, when, most divine to hear
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: till high upborne
Yea, mingling with the Quire, I seem to view
The Vision of the heavenly Multitude,* 5
That hymn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields
[*Making the midnight glorious*

Yet more bright,]

*Yet thou more bright than all the Angel Host
That harbinger'd thy birth, thou, Man of Woes
Despised Galilæan! For the Great* 10
Invisible (by symbols only seen)]

[7]

[With a peculiar and surpassing Light 12
 Shines from the visage of th' oppress'd Good Man,
 When heedless of himself the scourged Saint [15]
 Mourns for the' Oppressor. [Son of the most high]
 [Preeminent] Fair [is] the Vernal mead, 15
 ^{[in] the high}
 Fair [the high] Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars ;
 Yet nor high Grove nor many-col^o[ou]r'd mead
 [Bright Impress each of their creating Sire!]
 Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles [20]
 Nor the starr'd Azure, nor the sovran Sun [20]
 E'er with such majesty of portraiture 20
 Imag'd the unimaginable God
 As thou, meek Sav^{iour}[ior] ! at th^e[at] fearful hour
 When thy insulted Anguish &c.]

*[When all of Self regardless the scourg'd Saint
Mourns for th' Oppressor. O thou meekest Man ! 25*

Meek Man and loveliest of the Sons of Men !

Who thee beheld thy imag'd Father saw.

His Power and Wisdom from thy awful eye

Blended their beams, and loftier Love sate there

Musing on human weal, and that dread hour] [30]

When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer

Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy ! [25]

Which when th' ALMIGHTY heard, from forth his

Throne

25

*fill'd Heaven with extacy—
Diviner light [flash'd extacy o'er Heaven !]*

Heav'n's hymnings paus'd : and Hell her yawning

mouth

[35]

Clos'd a brief moment.

[9]

Lovely was the Death

Of Him, whose Life was Love ! Holy with power [30]

He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd 30

Manifest Godhead, melting into day [40]

floating Mists of dark

What [*Mists dim-floating of*] Idolatry

Broke

[*Split*] and mishap'd the Omnipresent Sire :

[*And first by TERROR, Mercy's startling prelude,*

Soul

Uncharm'd the [Spirit] spell-bound with earthly lusts] 35

Till of it's nobler Nature it 'gan feel [45]

Dim recollections ; and thence soar'd to HOPE,

Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good [40]

Th' ETERNAL dooms for his IMMORTAL Sons. [40]

Not small
cap.

+

firmer

+

From HOPE and [*stronger*] FAITH to perfect LOVE 40

Attracted and absorb'd : and center'd there [50]

GOD only to behold, and know, and feel,

Till by exclusive Consciousness of God

[10]

[MS.]

Note to line 34.

Τό Νοητὸν διηρήκασιν εἰς πολλῶν
Θεῶν ιδιότητας. Damas. de myst. Ægypt.

34th [& 35th] line[*r*] thus

[*Renewer of the ancient Truth! And first*

By TERROR he uncharm'd the slumb'ring Spirit,]

And first by FEAR uncharm'd the droused soul,

Till of it's nobler &c.

[MS.]

Note to line 44.

See this *demonstrated* by [*vide Hartley & Pistorius*]
Hartley, Vol. I. p. 114, & Vol. II^d. p. 329. See
it likewise proved, and freed from the charge of
mysticism, by Pistorius in his Notes & Additions to
part second of Hartley on Man. Addition the 18th
the 653rd page of the third Volume of Hartley ;—
octavo Edition.

All self-annihilated it shall make [45]

God it's Identity: God all in all! 45

We and our Father ONE! [55]

And blest are they,

Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,

Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of Men

Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze

Him, Nature's Effence, Mind, and Energy! [60] 50

And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend

Treading beneath their feet all visible things

As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne

Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor lov'd.

THEY nor Contempt imbosom nor Revenge: [65] 55

For THEY dare know of what may seem deform

The SUPREME FAIR sole Operant: in whose fight

All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
 Alike from all educing perfect good.

Their's too celestial courage, inly arm'd—— [70] 60
 Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
 On their great Father, great beyond compare!
 And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
 His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might [75] 65
 Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk.
 For they are Holy Things before the Lord
 Aye-unprofan'd, tho' Earth should league with Hell!
 God's Altar grasping with an eager hand
 FEAR, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch, [80] 70
 Surc-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends

[MS.]

⁷⁹
[80] All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmov'd
Views e'en th' immitigable Ministers 80
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial MERCY-SEAT they come,
And at the revovating Wells of LOVE
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath 85

Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
 He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
 His countenance settles : a soft solemn bliss
 Swims in his eye : his swimming eye uprais'd : [8]⁷5
 And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs !
 And thus transfigured with a dreadful awe,
 A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
 All things of terrible seeming. [*Yea, and there,*
Unshudder'd, unaghast, he shall view [9]⁸0
E'en the SEVEN SPIRITS, who in the latter day
Will shower hot ^{blasting} *[pestilence] on the sons of men.*
For he shall know, his heart shall understand,
That kindling with intenser Deity
They from the MERCY-SEAT—like rosy flames, [95]
From God's Celestial MERCY-SEAT ^{leapt forth} *[will flash],*
And at the wells of renovating LOVE

L

[17]

Fill their Seven Vials with salutary wrath,]

To sickly Nature more medicinal

That what soft balm the weeping good man pours [100]

Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds !

Thus from th' Elect, regenerate thro' faith,

Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares 90

Drink up the spirit and the dim regards

Self-center. Lo they vanish ! or acquire [105]

New names, new features — by supernal grace

Enrob'd with Light, and naturaliz'd in Heaven.

As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn 95

Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,

Darkling he fixes on th' immediate road [110]

His downward eye : all else of fairest kind

Hid or deform'd. But lo, the bursting Sun !

[MS.]

Note to Line 90.

Our evil passions under the influence of Religion become innocent & may be made to animate our virtues—in the same manner as the thick mist melted by the Sun increases the Light, which it had before excluded.

In the preceding paragraph agreeably to this Truth we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of Fear into holy Awe.

Touch'd by th' enchantment of that fudden beam 100
 Strait the black vapor melteth, and in globes
 Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree : [115]
 On every leaf, on every blade it hangs !
 Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
 And wide around the landscape streams with glory ! 105

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
 Omnific. His most holy name is LOVE. [120]
 Truth of subliming import ! with the which
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
 He from his small particular orbit flies 110
 With blest outstarting ! From HIMSELF he flies,
 Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze [125]
 Views all creation, and he loves it all,
 And blesses it, and calls it very good !

L 2

[21]

This is indeed to dwell with the most High! 115
 Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne. [130]
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 And that in his vast family no Cain 120
 Injures uninjur'd (in her best-aim'd blow
 Victorious MURDER a blind Suicide) [135]
 Haply for this some younger Angel now
 Looks down on Human Nature : and, behold !
 A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad 125
 Embattling INTERESTS on each other rush
 With unhelm'd Rage! [140]

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves

[MS.]

Note to 135th Line.

If to make aught but the supreme Reality
^{the object of final pursuit} [our ruling *Passion*] be Superstition, if ^{the} [falsely to] attri-
but[e]ing of sublime properties to things, or persons,
which those things or persons neither do or can possess,
be superstition; then Avarice & Ambition are
Superstitions: and he, who wishes to estimate the
evils of Superstition, should transport himself, not
to the temple[s] of [Mex] the Mexican Deities but ^{to} the
plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is
the sentiment convey^{ed}[ing] in this & the subsequent
Lines.

Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole :

This fraternizes man, this constitutes 130

Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God [145]

Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole ;

This the worst superstition, him except,

Aught to desire, SUPREME REALITY !

The plenitude and permanence of blifs ! 135

[O Fiends of SUPERSTITION ! not that oft [150]

Your pitiless rites have floated with man's blood

The skull-pil'd Temple, not for this shall wrath

Thunder against you from the Holy One !

But (whether ye th' unclimbing Bigot mock

With secondary Gods, or if more pleas'd [155]

Ye petrify th' [imbrothell'd] Atheist's heart,

The Atheist your worst slave) I o'er some plain

Peopled with Death, and to the silent Sun

Steaming with tyrant-murder'd multitudes ;

Or where mid groans and shrieks loud-laughing

TRADE

[160]

More hideous packs his bales of ^{human} [living] anguish ;]

I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends !

And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith[;],

Hiding the present God[,] ; whose presence lost, 145

The moral world's cohesion, we become [165]

An Anarchy of Spirits ! Toy-bewitch'd,

Made blind by lusts, disinherited of soul,

No common center Man, no common fire

Knoweth ! A sordid solitary thing, 150

Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart [170]

Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams

Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole,

When he by sacred sympathy might make

[26]

[MS.]

O Fiends of SUPERSTITION ! not that, oft
The erring Priest hath slain'd with Brother's blood,
Your grisly Idols, not for this may Wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One !
But o'er some plain, that steameth to the Sun 140
Peopled with Death ; or where more hideous TRADE
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish ;

January 21st 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the Speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect : " That the House hoped, His Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to [a] conclude a peace with France &c." [Op] This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who " considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION. May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions with a view to the establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words ; " The best road to Peace, my Lords ! is WAR ; and WAR carried on in the same manner, in which we are taught to worship our CREATOR, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, & with all our strength."

The whole ONE SELF ! SELF, that no alien knows ! 155
 SELF, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel ! [175]
 SELF, spreading still ! Oblivious of it's own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is FAITH !
 This the MESSIAH's destin'd victory !

But first offences needs must come ! Even now 160
 (Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff !) [180]
 THEE to defend, meek Galilæan ! THEE
 And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
 Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
 Of social Peace ; and lift'ning Treachery lurks 165
 With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life ; [185]
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land
 Wail numberless ; and orphans weep for bread !
 THEE to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind !

THEE, Lamb of God ! THEE, blameless Prince of Peace ! 170
 From all sides rush the thirsty brood of war ! [190]
 AUSTRIA, and that foul WOMAN of the NORTH,
 The lustful Murd'refs of her wedded Lord !
 And he, connatural Mind ! whom (in their songs
 So bards of elder time had haply feign'd) 175
 Some Fury fondled in her hate to man, [195]
 Bidding her serpent hair in ^{mazy furge} [tortuous folds]
 Lick his young face, and at his mouth iⁿ[m]breathe
 Horrible sympathy ! And leagued with these
 Each petty German Princeling, nurs'd in gore ! 180
 Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood ! [200]
 Death's prime Slave-merchants ! Scorpion-whips of Fate !
 Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
 Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
 Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons ! 185

[MS.]

▷

▷ ▷ A new paragraph

Note to Line 193.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou has ordained them for Judgment, &c. Habakkuk I. 12. In this paragraph the Author recalls himself from his indignation against the instruments of Evil, to contemplate the *uses* of these Evils in the great process of divine Benevolence. In the first age Men were innocent from ignorance of vice ; they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they might attain intellectual security—i.e. [*which*] Virtue, which is a wise & strong-nerv'd Innocence.

THEE to defend the Moloch Priest prefers [205]

The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd

That Deity, ACCOMPLICE Deity

In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath

Will go forth with our armies and our fleets 190

To scatter the red ruin on their foes ! [210]

O blasphemy ! to mingle fiendish deeds

With blessedness, Lord of unsleeping Love,

From everlasting Thou ! We shall not die.

These, even these, in mercy didst thou form, 195

Teachers of Good thro' Evil, by brief wrong [215]

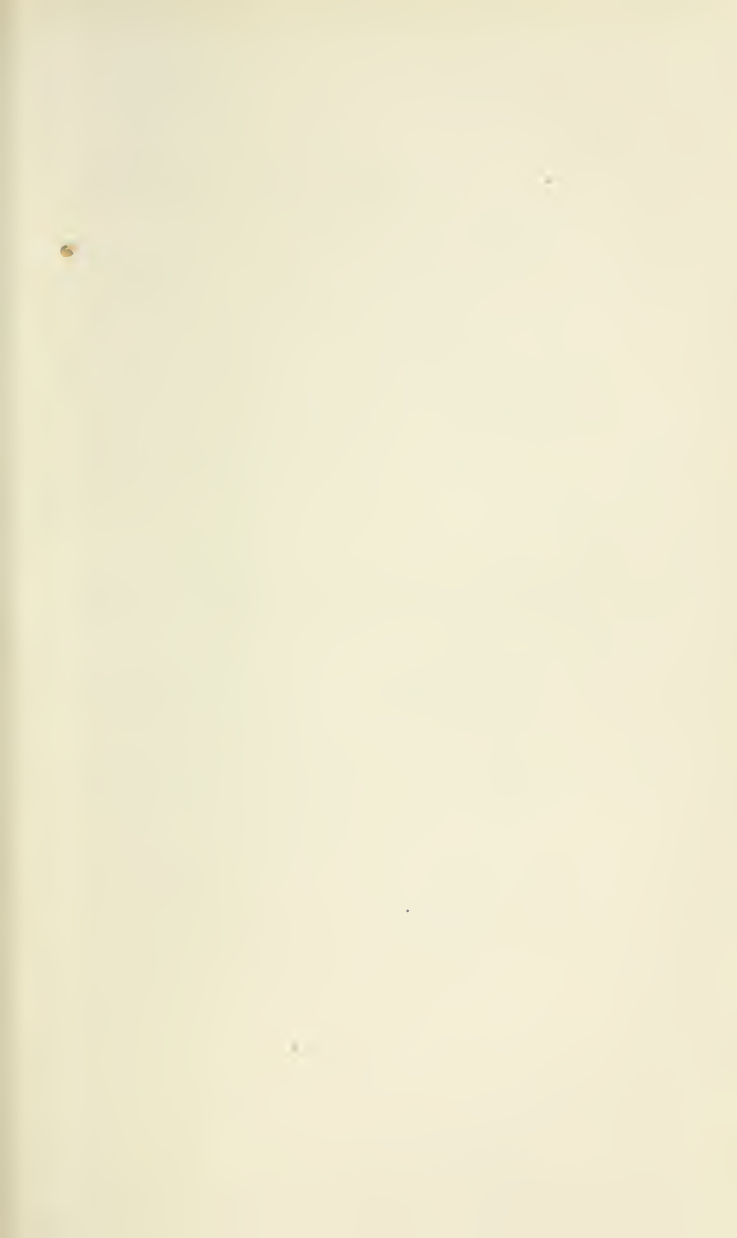
Making Truth lovely, and her future might

Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while

The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock 200

Pitching his tent where'er the green grafs wav'd. [220]
 But foon Imagination conjur'd up
 An hoft of new defires : with bufy aim,
 Each for himfelf, Earth's eager children toil'd.
 So PROPERTY began, twy-ftreaming fount, 205
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall. [225]
 Hence the foft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and coftly feaft
 With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the foul
 To forms of beauty, and by fenfual wants 210
 Unfenfualiz'd the mind, which in the means [230]
 Learnt to forget the grofsnefs of the end,
 Beft-pleafur'd with it's own activity.
 And hence Difcfe that withers manhood's arm,
 The dagger'd Envy, fpirit-quenching Want, 215
 Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the fore ills [235]



[MS.]

┐ ┐ ┐ Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst 224

= A new paragraph.

That vex and defolate our mortal life :
 Wide-wasting ills ! yet each th' immediate source
 Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
 To ceaseless action goading human thought 220
 Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord ; [240]
 And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand
 Strong as an host of armed Deities[!],
 From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War 225
 Sprang heavenly Science : and from Science Freedom.
 O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards [245]
 Spread in concentric circles : they whose souls
 Conscious of their high dignities from God
 Brook not Wealth's rivalry ; and they who long 230
 Enamour'd with the charms of order hate
 Th' unseemly disproportion ; and whoe'er [250]
 Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car

And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
 On that blest triumph, when the PATRIOT SAGE 235
 Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud
 And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth [255]
 Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
 Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
 Of Spartan flute ! These on the fated day, 240
 When, flung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
 Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd
 tribes [260]
 That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,
 These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene
 Shall watch the mad careering of the storm ; 245
 Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
 And tame th' outrageous mafs, with plastic might [265]
 Moulding Confusion to fuch perfect forms,
 As erst were wont, bright visions of the day !

To float before them, when, the Summer noon, 250
 Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd
 They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks, [270]
 Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
 Wandering with desultory feet inhal'd
 The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods 255
 And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
 With all his gorgeous company of clouds [275]
 Extatic gaz'd! then homeward as they stray'd
 Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus'd
 Why there was Misery in a world so fair. 260

Ah far remov'd from all that glads the sense,
 From all that softens or ennobles Man, [280]
 The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
 They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
 Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree 265

Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen,
 Rudely disbranch'd ! [^{Blessed}*O blest*] Society ! [285]
 Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorcht waste,
 Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
 The SIMOOM fails, before whose purple pomp 270
 Who falls not prostrate dies ! And where, by night,
 Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs [290]
 The lion couches ; or hyæna dips
 Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws ;
 Or serpent [^{plants}*rolls*] his vast moon-glittering bulk, 275
 Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,
 His bones loud crashing ! [295]

O ye numberless,
 Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
 Drives from life's plenteous feast ! O thou poor
 Wretch,
 [40]

[MS.]

267 Blessed Society !

Note.

276. Behemoth in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the Hippopotamus, some affirm it is the wild-bull. Poetically it designates any large Quadruped.

[41]

[MS.]

▷ ▷ ▷

O loathly Suppliants ! ye, that unreceiv'd
Totter heart-broken from the closing Gates
Of the full Lazar-house ; or gazing, stand
Sick with despair ! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who as ye gasp in death 295
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's Beak !

296

Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want 280

Roamest

[*Dost roam*] for prey, yea thy unnatural hand [300]

Dost lift

[*Liftest*] to deeds of blood ! O pale-eyed Form,

The victim of seduction, doom'd to know

Polluted nights and days of blasphemy ;

Who in loath'd orgies with lewd wassailers 285

Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home [305]

Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart !

O aged Women ! ye who weekly catch

The morsel tost by law-forc'd Charity,

And die so slowly, that none call it murder ! 290

⌞ ⌞ ⌞

[*O loathly-visag'd Suppliants ! ye that oft* [310]

Rack'd with disease, from the unopen'd gate

Of the full Lazar-house, heart-broken crawl !

O ye to scepter'd Glory's gore-drench'd field

Forc'd or ensnar'd, who swept by Slaughter's scythe,

(Stern nurse of Vultures!) steam in putrid heaps!] [315]

O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
 Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
 Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd cot
 Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold, 300
 COWR'FT
 [*Cow'reft*] o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile, [320]
 Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
 More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.
 Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
 The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal: 305
 And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire [325]
 Th' innumerable multitude of Wrongs
 By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
 Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh:
 And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men, 310
 The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World, [330]

[MS.]

Note 316.

This passage alludes to the French Revolution :
and the subsequent ^{paragraph} to the downfall of Religious
Establishments. I am convinced, that the Babylon
of the Apocalypse does not apply to Rome ex-
clusively; but to the union of Religion with Power
& Wealth, wherever it is found.

With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
 Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
 Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
 Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm. 315
 Ev'n now the storm begins: each gentle name, [335]
 Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
 Tremble far-off — for lo! the Giant FRENZY
 Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
 Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell 320
 Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge, [340]
 Creation's eyeless drudge, black RUIN, sits
 Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return!

Pure FAITH! meek PIETY! The abhorred Form
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp, ³²⁵ [345]
 Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,

M

[47]

Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
 Hath met the horrible judgement ! Whence that cry ?
 The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd,
 Disherited of earth ! For She hath fallen 30
3[50]
 On whose black front was written MYSTERY ;
 She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood ;
 She that work'd whoredom with the DÆMON POWER
 And from the dark embrace all evil things
 Brought forth and nurtur'd : mitred ATHEISM 335
[355]
 And patient FOLLY who on bended knee
 Gives back the steel that stabb'd him ; and pale FEAR
 Hunted by ghastlier ^{shapings} [terrors] than furround
 Moon-blasted Madnefs when he yells at midnight !
 Return pure FAITH ! return meek PIETY ! 40
3[60]
 The kingdoms of the world are your's : each heart
 Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
 Rais'd from the common earth by common toil

[MS.]

▷ ▷ When [ⁱⁿ*on*] some [^{hour of}*high and*] solemn jubilee
The [^{many}*mighty*] Gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And Odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth, 350

Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights

As float to earth, permitted visitants ! [365] 345

┌ ┌

[*When on some solemn jubilee of Saints* [*saintly*] *

┌

┌

The sapphire-blazing gates of Paradise

Are thrown wide open, and thence voyage forth

Detachments wild of seraph-warbled airs,

And odors snatch'd from beds of amaranth,] [370] 350

And they, that from the chrystal river of life

Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales !

The favor'd good man in his lonely walk

Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks

Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven. [375] ³⁵⁵

And such delights, such strange beatitude

Seize on my young anticipating heart

When that blest future rushes on my view !

M 2

* [*Saintly*] is in Cottle's hand.—Ed.

[51]

For in his own and in his Father's might

The SAVIOUR comes! While as ^{the THOUSAND YEARS 60} *[to solemn strains]* 3[80]

Lead up their mystic dance, the DESERT shouts!

[The THOUSAND YEARS lead up their mystic dance,]

Old OCEAN claps his hands! *[the DESERT shouts!*

[breezes of an equal Spring]

[And soft gales wafted from the haunts of Spring

Melt the primæval North!] The mighty Dead [365]

Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time [385] [365]

With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wond'rous plan,

Coadjutors of God. To MILTON's trump 365

The high Groves of the renovated earth

[The odorous groves of earth reparadis'd]

Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd

Adoring NEWTON his serener eye [70]
3[90]

Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind

Wiseſt, he* firſt who mark'd the ideal tribes 370

^{Up} *[Down]* the fine fibres ^{thro'} *[from]* the ſentient brain

* David Hartley.

360. The Millennium: in which I suppose that man will continue to enjoy the highest glory, of which his human nature is capable. That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise & enjoy the fruits & flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former Life: and that the wicked will during the same period be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. [*that*] I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this Earth, & by our entering [*on*] the state of pure intellect; when all creation shall rest from its labors.

[MS.]

▷▷▷

*[Ye sweep before me in as lovely Hues
As stream, reflected, from the veiling plumes
Of them, that aye before the Jasper Throne [385]
Adoring bend. Blest Years! ye too depart,]*

Note to Line 385.

[*The*] Revel. Ch. IV. v. 2 & 3rd.—And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look like a jasper & sardine stone, &c.

[54]

[Roll subtly-furling. Pressing on his steps

Lo! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage, 3^[75]_[95] Small cap.

Whom that my fleshly eye hath never seen

A childish pang of impotent regret 375

Hath thrill'd my heart. Him from his native land

Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous

[By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude] [400]

Drove with vain hate: calm, pitying he retir'd, [380]

And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years.

O Years! the blest preeminence of Saints! 380

^ ^ ^ ^

[Sweeping before the rapt prophetic Gaze

Bright as what glories of the jasper throne [405]

Stream from the gorgeous and face-veiling plumes

Of Spirits adoring! Ye, blest Years! must end,]

And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange[!], 385

Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.

For who of woman born may paint the hour, [410]

When seiz'd in his mid course the Sun shall wane [390]

Making noon ghastly ! Who of woman born

May image in ^{the workings of his ^{thought} *[spirit]*} *[his wildly-working thought,]* 390

[MS.]

Note to 391.
The final
Destruction
imperfected.

How the black-visag'd, red-eyed Fiend outstretcht

Beneath th' unsteady feet of Nature groans, [415]

In feverish slumbers — destin'd then to wake, [395]

When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name

And Angels shout, DESTRUCTION ! How his arm 395

^{last great}
The *[mighty]* Spirit lifting high in air

Shall swear by him, the ever-living ONE, 420

TIME IS NO MORE !

Believe thou, O my soul, [400]

Life is a vision shadowy of Truth,

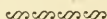
398

[MS.] Note to line [400]. This paragraph is intelligible *[who]* to those who, like the Author, believe & feel the sublime system of Berkley ; & the doctrine of the final Happiness of all men.

And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave, 400
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire, [425]
 And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
 Forth flashing unimaginable day [405]
 Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er 405
 With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount [430]
 Ebullient with creative Deity!
 And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd [410]
 Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
 In organizing furge! Holies of God! 410
 (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?) [435]
 I haply journeying my immortal course
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then [415]
 I discipline my young noviciate thought

In minifteries of heart-ftirring fong, 415
 And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing 440
 Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
 Of LOVE, omnific, omniprefent LOVE, [420]
 Whofe day-fpring rifes glorious in my foul
 As the great Sun, when he his influence 420
 Sheds on the froft-bound waters—The glad fream[445]
 Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows. 42[4]2



[N O T E S

ON

R E L I G I O U S M U S I N G S.



LINE 8.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.

LUKE II. 13.]

12th
LINE [27.]

Philip faith unto him, Lord ! shew us the Father and it sufficeth us. Jesus faith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip ? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

JOHN XIV. 9.

And I heard a great voice out of the Temple saying to the seven Angels, pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

REVELATION XVI. 1.

LINE [193] 174.

That Despot, who received the wages of an hireling that he might act the part of a swindler, and who skulked from his impotent attacks on the liberties of France to perpetrate more successful iniquity in the plains of *Poland*.

LINE [200] 181.

The Father of the present Prince of Hesse Cassell supported himself and his strumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American war for the flesh of his subjects.

LINE [212] 193.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine
Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord! thou
hast ordained them for judgment, &c.

HABAKKUK I. 12.

[LINE 235.

*I deem that the teaching of the gospel for hire is
wrong; because it gives the teacher an improper
bias in favor of particular opinions on a subject
where it is of the last importance that the mind
should be perfectly unbiassed. Such is my private
opinion; but I mean not to censure all hired
teachers, many among whom I know, and venerate
as the best and wisest of men—God forbid that I
should think of these, when I use the word PRIEST,
a name, after which any other term of abhorrence*

[61]

would appear an *anti-climax*. By a *PRIEST* I mean a man who holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a bible (translated by authority) in his left, doth necessarily cause the bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to Infidelity — Infidelity which judging of Revelation by the doctrines and practices of established Churches honors God by rejecting Christ. See “*Address to the People*,” Page 57, sold by Parsons, Paternoster-Row.]

LINE [253] 235.

DR. FRANKLIN.

LINE [288] 270.

At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to

[62]

folace ourselves with plenty of good water, IDRIS cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, 'for here is the Simoom.' I saw from the S. E. an haze come on, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick.— It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground.— We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till IDRIS told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was indeed passed; but the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation.

[MS.] Add × add

BRUCE'S Travels, vol. 4. page 557.

[LINE 294.

Used poetically for a very large quadruped; but in general it designates the Elephant.]

[MS.] × The Simoom is here introduced as emblematical of the pomp & powers of Despotism.

LINE [324] 305.

See the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. — And I looked and beheld a pale horse ; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the FOURTH part of the Earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with pestilence, and with the beasts of the earth. — And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held : and white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled. And I beheld when he

had opened the sixth seal, the stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind : And the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, &c.

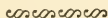
[*LINE* 335.

The French Revolution.]

LINE [343] 325.

And there came one of the seven Angels which had the seven vials and talked with me, saying unto me, come hither ! I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great Whore, that sitteth upon many waters : with whom the Kings of the earth have committed fornication, &c. Revelation of St. John the Divine, chapter the seventeenth. [MS.] This (the 17th)

& the thirteenth Scaliger

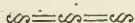


deem'd the only intelligible chapters
of the the whole Apocalypse.

Scaligerianis 11. pag. 14 & 15.

NOTES

[ON THE MONODY TO CHATTERTON]



POOR CHATTERTON! HERBERT CROFT has written with feeling concerning him; and VICESIMUS KNOX has ATTEMPTED to write with feeling. — HAYLEY [*who (so future Antiquarians will inform our posterity) has written sundry things in the reign of King George the Third,*] describes [*the death of*] Chatterton in his Essay on Poetry—as *tearing the strings of his lyre in the agonies of death!!*—By far the best poem on this subject is “Neglected Genius or Tributary Stanzas to the memory of the unfortunate Chatterton,” written by RUSHTON, a blind Sailor.

WALPOLE writes thus. All the house of Forgery are relations. Although it be but just to CHATTERTON

N

TON's Memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the more enriching branches yet he who could so ingeniously counterfeit styles and (the asserter believes) hands, might easily have been led to the more facile imitation of prose promissary notes!" — [O ye who honor the name of MAN, rejoice that this Walpole is called a LORD!]

MILLES

[MILES] too, the Editor of his Poems—a Priest who though only a DEAN, in dullness and malignity was most *episcopally* eminent, foul^{ly} calumniated him——
An Owl mangling a poor dead Nightingale!——

[Most inspired Bard!

To him alone in this benighted age

Was that divine Inspiration given,

Which glows in MILTON'S and in SHAKESPEARE'S page,

The pomp and prodigality of Heaven.]

[MS.] Begin the page here—it is absolutely cheatry to give such open print.

N O T E S.



Note 1 — Page 37.

LEE BOO, the son of ABBA THULE, Prince of the Pelew Islands came over to England with Captain Wilfon, died of the small-pox, and is buried in e Greenwich Church-yard. See Keate's Account.

↳

Note 2. — Page 37.

And suffering Nature weeps that *one* should die.

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 46.

Yet never BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!

When I composed this line, I had not read the following paragraph in the Cambridge Intelligencer (of Saturday, November 21, 1795.)

"When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry, he

N 2

received a pension of 1200l. a-year charged on the King's Privy Purse! When he had completed his labors, it was then a question what recompence his service deserved. Mr. Burke wanting a present supply of money, it was thought that a pension of 2000l. per annum *for forty years certain*, would sell for eighteen years purchase, and bring him of course 36,000l. But this pension must, by the very unfortunate act, of which Mr. Burke was himself the author, have come before Parliament. Instead of this Mr. Pitt suggested the idea of a pension of 2000l a-year *for three lives*, to be charged on the King's Revenue of the West India $4\frac{1}{8}$ per cents. This was tried at the market, but it was found that it would not produce the 36,000l. which were wanted. In consequence of this a pension of 2500l.

per annum, for three lives on the $4\frac{1}{2}$ West India Fund, the lives to be nominated by Mr. Burke, that he may accommodate the purchasers, is finally granted to this disinterested patriot! He has thus retir'd from the trade of politics, with pensions to the amount of 3700*l.* a-year."

[We feel not for the Public in the present instance : we feel for the honor of genius ; and mourn to find one of her most richly gifted children associated with the Youngs, Wynhams, and Reeveses of the day ; "match'd in mouth" with

" Mastiff, bloodhound, mungril grim

Cur and spaniel, brache and lym

Bobtail tike and trundle-tail ;"

And the rest of that motley pack, that open in most hideous concert, whenever ou[t] State-Nimrod pro-

votes the scent by a trail of rancid plots and false insurrections! For of the rationality of these animals I am inclined to entertain a doubt, a charitable doubt! since such is the system which they support that we add to their integrity whatever we detract from their understanding:

—— Fibris increvit opimum

Pingue: carent culpa.

It is consoling to the lovers of human nature to reflect that Edmund Burke the only writer of that faction "whose name would not sully the page of an opponent" learnt the discipline of genius in a different corps. At the flames which rise from the altar of Freedom, he kindled that torch with which he since endeavored to set fire to her temple. Peace be to his spirit, when it departs from us: this is the severest punishment I wish him — that he may be

appointed under-porter to St. Peter, and be obliged to open the gates of Heaven to Brissot, Roland, Condorcet, Fayette, and Priestley!—See Number I. of the WATCHMAN, a miscellany published every eighth day by the Author of these Poems, and by Parsons, Paternoster Row, London.]

Note 3. — Page 50.

Hymettian Flowrets. Hymettus a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his poetry.—In Shakespeare's "Lover's Complaint" there is a fine stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong

For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep:
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old.

Note 4. — Page 52.

When *Kosciusko* was observed to fall, the Polish ranks set up a shriek.

Note 5. — Page 62.

This little Poem was written when the Author was a boy.

Note 6. — Page 65.

One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers" a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—

A Winter midnight—the wind high—and “The Robbers” for the first time!—The readers of SCHILLER will conceive what I felt. SCHILLER introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the *goblin* rout—even of Shakspeare.

Note 7. — Page

▷ ▷ ▷

▷ Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem

Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manâ.

Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,

Fragransque infuso nectare tin[*q*]it opus.

g

Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim

Non impune favis surripuisset [*a*]mor.

A

Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores

Et spolia æstivis [*pultrima*] rapta rosis,

plurima

[*Adidit*] illecebra et mille et mille lepores,

Addit et

▷
Et quot Acidalius gaudia Cestus habet

▷ *s*
”

▷

[MS.] [From the *Carmina Quadragesima*—Vol II. To the copy in the Bristol Library there is a manuscript signature of L. Thomas to this beautiful composition.]

Ex his composuit Dea basia ; et omnia libans

Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloës.

Note 8.—Page 84.

The flower hangs its head waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O G[ale]! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of Heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field.——BERRATHON, *bid.* Offian's Poems, vol. 2.

Note 9. — Page 86.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was

[76]

spread in Torthoma's Hall. The youths beheld me
in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired
Nina-thomà. ——— BERRATHON.

Note 10. — Page 99.

[MS.]

L'athee n'est point a mes yeux un faux esprit ; je
puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le
devot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque
un sens, et mon ame ne se fonde point entièrement
avec la sienne : il est froid au spectacle le plus
ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends
une action de grace.

Mr.
Cottle
will
carefully
compare
this
with the copy.

“Appel a l'impartiale posterite', par la Citoyenne
Roland,” troisième partie, p. 113.

Page 105.

O (have I sig'd) were mine the Wizard's rod!

I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly
suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this

and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality ; as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams. The lines in this poem from the 27th to the 36th, I have been told are a palpable imitation of the passage from the 355th to the 370th line of the Pleasures of Memory part 3. I do not perceive so striking a similarity between the two passages ; [*but if it exist,*] at all events I had written the Effusion several years before I had seen Mr. Rogers' Poem.—It may be proper to remark that the tale of Florio in “ the Pleasures of Memory ” is to be found in Lochleve[r] ; a Poem of great merit, n by Michael Bruce.—In Mr. Rogers' Poem the names are FLORIA and JULIA ; in the Lochl[era] ven Lomond and Levina—and this is all the difference. We seize the opportunity of describing from the Lochleve[r] of Bruce the following exquisite passage, n

describing the effects of a fine day on the human heart.

Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side
Large droves of oxen and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturbed, and fill the echoing air
With Music grateful to their Master's ear.
The Traveller stops and gazes round and round
O'er all the plains that animate his heart
With Mirth and Music. Even the mendicant
Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone
Sole-fitting suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Note 11.—Page 111.

The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. WORDSWORTH, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure : but whom I deem unrivalled among the

writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring. ▮ [MS.] [*There is a great deal omitted here*]

Note 13. — Page 118. [*Insist on its insertion*]

LIGHT from plants. In Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been observed on certain flowers by M. Haggern, lecturer in natural history. One even-^{per}ing he [*pre*]ceived a faint flash of light repeatedly dart from a marigold. Surprised at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention; and, to be assured it was no deception of the eye, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal at the moment when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment.

The light was most brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame colour; but scarcely visible on pale ones.

The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession; but more commonly at intervals of several minutes: and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be observed at a considerable distance.

[MS.] Good heavens! what a Gap!

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and August at sun-set, and for half an hour, when the atmosphere was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours nothing of it was seen.

[MS.] Good heavens! what a Gap!

The following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in this order:

[MS.] Good Heavens! what a Gap!

1. The Marigold, *galendula officinalis*.

2. Monk's-hood, *tropæolum majus*.
3. The orange-lily, *lilium bulbiferum*.
4. The Indian pink, *tagetes patula* & *erecta*.

From the rapidity of the flash, and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that there is something of electricity in this phenomenon.



ERRATA.

[MS.]
Most
inelegant

Page 22. For *froths* read *froth*, and omit the comma at waves.—Page 24. For *obedience* read *obeisance*.—Page 74. For *Like snowdrop opening to the solar ray* read *As night-clos'd Flowret to the orient ray*.—Page 124. For *An antic huge* read *antic small*.—Page 126. Divide the third from the second Stanza.—Page 127. For the semicolon after *at you will*; put a comma.—Page 128. For *Frst* read *First*.—Ditto, For *tempest honor'd* read *tempest-honor'd*.

F I N I S

[MS.] From Monk's-hood to phænomenon may very well be printed in the 191nd Page—and then let the Errata [be] occupy the last.

Ode

on the

Departing Year.

A

[83]

[MS.]

The Motto —! where is the
Motto —? I would ^{not} have
lost the motto for [^]a kingdom
twas the best part of the
Ode

A R G U M E N T.

The Ode commences with an Address to [the] Divine Providence, [that] regulates into one vast Harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for awhile to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an Apoplexy on the 17th of November 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the departing year, &c. as in a vision. The second Epode prophecies in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this Country.

O D E

on the

DEPARTING YEAR

[MS.]

(Composed Decembr 23rd, 1796)

STROPHE I.

SPIRIT ! who sweepst the wild Harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled Ear
Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear !
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchang^{ing}[*ed*] clime,
Long had I listened free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind :
When lo ! far onwards waving ^{on}[*in*] the wind
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR !
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

STROPHE II.

Hither from the recent Tomb ;
 From the [p]rison's direr gloom ;
 From Poverty's heart-wasting languish ;
 From Distemper's midnight anguish :
 Or where his two bright torches blending
 Love illumine⁶[']s Manhood's maze ;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze :
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye Woes, and young-eyed Joys, advance !
 By Time's wild harp, and by the Hand
 Whose indefatigable Sweep
 Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour ;

P

illumine's !

that

villainous

apostrophe '

belongs to

the *Genitive*

case of

Substantives

only—

it should be

illumines.

O that

Printers

were wise !

O that they would read Bishop

Lowth !—

And with a loud and yet a louder voice
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
 Weep and rejoice !

[*O'er Nature struggling with portentous birth !*]
 Still echoes the dread ^{Name,} [*name*] that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm and woke the brood of Hell:
 And now advance in saintly Jubilee[,] / δ ,
 JUSTICE & TRUTH[:] T[t]hey too have heard the spell, ٨ .
 They too obey thy name, divinest LIBERTY !

EPODE.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array ;
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry —
 “ Ah ! whither does the Northern Conqueress stay ?
 “ Groans not her Chariot o'er its onward way ? ”

Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !

Stunn'd by Death's “ twice mortal ” mace,

No more on MURDER's lurid face

Th' insatiate Hag shall glote with drunken eye !

Manes of th' unnumbered Slain !
 Ye that gasp'd on WARSAW's plain !
 Ye that erst at ISMAIL's tower,
 When human ruin chok'd the streams,
 Fell in Conquest's glutt'd hour
 Mid Women's shrieks and Infant's screams ;
 Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir
 Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre !
 Spirits of th' uncoffin'd Slain,
 Sudden blasts of Triumph swelling
 Oft at night, in misty train
 ↳
 Rush around her narrow Dwelling !
 Th' exterminating Fiend is fled—
 (Foul her Life and dark her Doom !)
 Mighty Army of the Dead,
 Dance, like Death-fires, round her Tomb !
 Then with prophetic song relate
 Each some scepter'd Murderer's fate !

When shall scepter'd SLAUGHTER cease ?

Awhile he crouch'd O Victor France !

Beneath the lightning of thy Lance,

With treacherous dalliance wooing PEACE.

But soon up-springing from his dastard trance

The boastful, bloody son of Pride betrayed

His hatred of the blest and blessing Maid.

One cloud, O Freedom ! cross'd thy orb of Light

And sure, he deem'd, that Orb was quench'd in
night :

For still does MADNESS roam on GUILT's bleak dizzy
height !

ANTISTROPHE I.

DEPARTING YEAR ! 'twas on no earthly shore

My soul beheld thy Vision. Where, alone,

“With treacherous dalliance wooing peace.”—At the time this Ode was being composed, our Ambassador had returned from Paris ; the French Directory professing to consider his ultimatum as an insult to the Republic.

Voiceless and stern, before the Cloudy Throne
 Aye Memory sits ; there, garmented with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storiedst thy sad Hours ! Silence ensued :
 Deep Silence o'er th' etherial Multitude,
 Whose wreathed Locks with snow-white Glories shone.

Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
 From the choired Gods advancing,
 The SPIRIT of the EARTH made reverence meet,
 And stood up beautiful before the Cloudy Seat !

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every Harp, on every Tongue,
 While the mute Enchantment hung [:] / ,
 Like Midnight from a thunder cloud
 Spake the sudden SPIRIT loud—[^] ^
 “ Thou in stormy Blackness throning
 “ Love and uncreated Light,

“ By the Earth’s unsolaced groaning

“ Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might !

“ By Belgium’s corse impeded flood !

“ By Vendee steaming Brother’s blood !

“ By PEACE with proffer’d insult scar’d,

“ Masked hate and envying scorn !

“ By Years of Havoc yet unborn ;

“ And Hunger’s bosom to the frost-winds bar’d !

“ But chief by Afric’s wrongs

“ Strange, horrible, and foul !

“ By what deep Guilt belongs

“ To the deaf Senate, “ full of gifts & lies !”

“ By Wealth’s insensate laugh ! By Torture’s howl !

“ Avenger, rise !

“ For ever shall the bloody Island scowl ?

“ *By Belgium’s corse impeded flood !* ”—The Rhine.

“For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel Bow

“Shoot Famine’s arrows o’er thy ravaged World?

“Hark! how wide NATURE joins her groans below—

“Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those Bolts unhurl’d?

EPODE II.

The voice had ceas’d, the Phantoms fled,

Yet still I gasp’d and reel’d with dread[.]

/ :

And ever when the dream of night

Renews the vision to my sight,

Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs ;

My Ears throb hot ; my eyeballs start ;

My Brain with horrid tumult swims ;

Wild is the tempest of my Heart ;

And my thick and struggling breath

Imitates the toil of Death !

No stranger agony confounds

The Soldier on the war-field spread,

When all foredone with toil & wounds[,]
 Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead !

(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
 And the Night-wind clamours hoarse ;

See the startful Wretch's head

Lies pillow'd on a Brother's Corse !)

A new paragraph ^ ^ ^ —

O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile,

[^ ^ ^ ^]

O ALBION ! O my mother Isle !

Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,

Glitter green with sunny showers ;

Thy grassy Uplands' gentle swells

Echo to the Bleat of Flocks ;

(Those grassy Hills, those glitt'ring Dells

Proudly ramparted with rocks)

And Ocean mid his uproar wild

Speaks safety to his Island-child.

Hence for many a fearless age

Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore ;

— ^ ^ ^ ^ —
 a new
 paragraph

Nor ever sworded Foeman's rage
 Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.
 Disclaim'd of Heaven ! mad Av'rice at thy side
 At coward distance, yet with kindling pride[—] / ,
 Safe 'mid thy herds and corn-fields thou hast stood,
 And join'd the yell of Famine and of Blood.
 All nations curse thee ; and with eager wond'ring
 Shall hear DESTRUCTION, like a vulture, scream !
 Strange-eyed DESTRUCTION, who with many a dream
 Of central ^{fires} [flames] thro' nether seas upthund'ring
 ↳
 Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies

“ *Disclaim'd of Heaven!* ” We have been preserved by
 our insular situation from suffering the actual horrors of
 War ourselves; and we have shewn our gratitude to Providence
 for this immunity, by our eagerness to spread those
 horrors over other nations less happily [*situated*] circumstances
 Of the one hundred and seven last years fifty have
 been years of War.

By livid fount or roar of blazing stream,

[*In the black chamber of a sulphur'd mount,*]

δ

If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,

O ALBION ! thy predestin'd ruins rise,

The Fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,

Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away !

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—

And hark ! I hear the famin'd brood of prey

lank

Flap their [*dark*] pennons on the groaning wind !

lank

Away, my soul, away !

I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer[,] and daily toil[,]

δ, δ,

Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.

Now I recenter my immortal mind

[MS.] I suspect, almost suspect, that the word "dark" was *intentionally* substituted for "lank"—if so, 'twas the most *tasteless* thing thou ever didst,

dear Joseph !—

In the long sabbath of high self-content ;
 Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
 God's image, Sister of the Seraphim.

[MS.]

Decemb. 23rd

1796



[MS.]

The Melancholy Man

The Maniac

The infant

To the Genius of Shakespere

Stanzas after a Journey into N. Wales.

—
 The Sonnets

=
 Lines to S. T. Coleridge

Christmas, a Poem

—
 Poems on the Death

Priscilla Farmer

Ode
on the
Departing Year.

A

[99]

[MS.]

Motto

I beseech you, let the
Motto be printed ; and printed
accurately.

[100]

O D E

on the

DEPARTING YEAR.

STROPHE I.

SPIRIT ! who sweepst the wild Harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled Ear
Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear !
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchang[*ed*] clime, / ing
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind :
When lo ! far onward waving [*in*] the wind on
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR !
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

[MS.] "Ode on the departing Year." This Ode was written on the 24th 25th and 26th days of December, 1796 ; and published separately on the last day of the year.

STROPHE II.

Hither from the recent tomb ;
 From the prison's direr gloom ;
 From Poverty's heart-wasting languish ;
 From Distemper's midnight anguish :
 Or where his two bright torches blending
 Love illumine['']s Manhood's maze ;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze :
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye WOES, and young-eyed JOYS, advance !
 By Time's wild harp, and by the Hand
 Whose indefatigable Sweep
 Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour ;

And with a loud & yet a louder voice
 O'er Nature struggling [*with*] portentous birth

Weep and rejoice !

[*O'er Nature struggling with portentous birth !*]

Still echoes the dread [*n*]ame that o'er the earth N

Let slip the storm and woke the brood of Hell :

And now advance in saintly Jubilee[,] δ

JUSTICE and TRUTH : they too have heard the spell,

They too obey thy [*n*]ame, divinest LIBERTY ! N

EPODE.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array ;

I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—

“ Ah ! ^{wherefore} [*whither*] does the Northern Conqueress stay ?

“ Groans not her Chariot o'er its onward way ? ”

Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !

Stunn'd by Death's “ twice mortal ” mace,

No more on MURDER's lurid face

Th' insatiate Hag shall glote with drunken eye !

[MS.] O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
 Weep and rejoice !

Manes of th' unnumbered Slain !

Ye that gasp'd on WARSAW's plain !

Ye that erst at ISMAIL's tower,

When human [R]uin chok'd the streams, / r

Fell in Conquest's glutt'd hour

Infants'

*Mid Women's shrieks and Infant s' screams ;

Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir

Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre !

Spirits of th' uncoffin'd Slain,

Sudden blasts of Triumph swelling

Oft at night, in misty train

↳
Rush around her narrow Dwelling ! ↳ ,

Th' exterminating Fiend is fled—

(Foul her Life and dark her Doom !)

Mighty Army of the Dead,

Dance, like Death-fires, round her Tomb !

Then with prophetic song relate

Each some scepter'd Murderer's fate !

[MS.] * NB Print the line thus—

Mid Women's shrieks & Infants' screams,
the ' put *after* the s' in infants'

[*When shall sceptered Slaughter cease?*

Awile He crouch'd O Victor France!

Beneath the lightning of thy Lance,

With treacherous dalliance wooing Peace.

But soon up-springing from his dastard trance

The boastful, [bloody] son of Pride betrayed

His hatred of the blest and blessing Maid.

One cloud, O Freedom! cross'd thy orb of Light

And sure, he deem'd, that Orb was quench'd in

night:

For still does MADNESS roam on GUILT'S bleak

'dizzy height!]

ANTISTROPHE I.

DEPARTING YEAR! 'twas on no earthly shore

My soul beheld thy Vision. Where, alone,

[*"With treacherous dalliance wooing peace."*—*At the time this Ode was being composed, our Ambassador had returned from Paris; the French Directory professing to consider his ultimatum as an insult to the Republic.*]

[MS.] [*"One cloud, O Freedom!"*—*At the time our Ambassador delivered in his ultimatum, the French had received a check from the Arch-duke Charles.*]

Voiceless and stern, before the Cloudy Throne
 Aye Memory sits ; there garmented with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storiedst thy sad Hours ! Silence ensued :
 Deep [S]ilence o'er th' etherial Multitude, / s
 Whose wreathed Locks with snow-white Glories shone.

Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
 From the choired Gods advancing,
 The SPIRIT of the EARTH made reverence meet,
 And stood up beautiful before the Cloudy Seat !

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every Harp, on every Tongue,
 While the mute Enchantment hung [:] / ;
 Like Midnight from a thunder cloud ʌ
 Spake the sudden SPIRIT loud—
 “Thou in stormy Blackness throning
 “Love and uncreated Light,

“By the Earth’s unsolaced groaning

“Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!

“By Belgium’s corse impeded flood!

▷ -

▷

“By Vendee steaming Brother’s blood!

“By PEACE with proffer’d insult scar’d,

“Masked hate and envying scorn!

“By Years of Havoc yet unborn;

“And Hunger’s bosom to the frost-winds bar’d!

“But chief by Afric’s wrongs

“Strange, horrible, & foul!

“By what deep Guilt belongs

“To the deaf Senate, “full of gifts and lies!”

“By Wealth’s insensate laugh! By Tortures howl!

“Avenger, rise!

“For ever shall the bloody Island scowl?

“*By Belgium’s corse impeded flood!*”—The Rhine.

▷ -

▷

“For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel Bow

“Shoot Famine’s arrows o’er thy ravaged World?

“Hark! how wide NATURE joins her groans below—

Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those Bolts unhurl’d?

EPODE II.

The voice had ceas’d, the Phantoms fled,

Yet still I gasp’d and reel’d with dread.

And ever when the dream of night

Renews the vision to my sight,

Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs;

My Ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;

My Brain with horrid tumult swims;

Wild is the tempest of my Heart;

And my thick and struggling breath

Imitates the toil of Death!

No stranger agony confounds

The Soldier on the war-field spread,

When all foredone with toil and wounds[,]

Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead !

(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,

And the Night-wind clamours hoarse ;

See ! the startful Wretch's head

Lies pillow'd on a Brother's Corse !)

O doomed to fall, enslav'd and vile,

O ALBION ! O my mother Isle !

Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,

Glitter green with sunny showers ;

Thy grassy Uplands' gentle swells

Echo to the Bleat of Flocks ;

(Those grassy Hills, those glitt'ring Dells

Proudly ramparted with rocks)

And Ocean mid his uproar wild

Speaks safety to his Island-child.

Hence for many a fearless age

Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore ;

Nor ever sworded Foeman's rage
 Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.
 Disclaim'd of Heaven ! mad Av'rice at thy side
 At coward distance, yet with kindling pride—
 Safe 'mid thy herds and corn-fields thou hast stood,
 And join'd the yell of Famine and of Blood.
 All nations curse thee : and with eager wond'ring
 Shall hear DESTRUCTION, like a vulture, scream !
 Strange-eyed DESTRUCTION, who with many a dream
 Of central ^{fires} [flames] thro' nether seas upthund'ring
 Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet, as she lies

[" Disclaim'd of Heaven ! " *We have been preserved by our insular situation from suffering the actual horrors of War ourselves ; and we have shewn our gratitude to Providence for this immunity, by our eagerness to spread those horrors over other nations less happily situated.*

Of the one hundred and seven last years, fifty have been years of War.]

J.C.
better than dark myself
because I like lank so much

By livid fount or roar of blazing stream,

× [*In the black chamber of a sulphur'd mount,*]

If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,

O ALBION ! thy predestin'd ruins rise,

The Fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,

Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away !

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—

And hark ! I hear the famin'd brood of prey

Flap their [*dark*] pennons on the groaning wind !

^
Away, my soul, away !

I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer, and daily toil[,]

Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.

Now I recenter my immortal mind

[MS.] I cannot but think now that you gave me direction to alter this or I am unaccountably mistaken

^ lank

^ δ

[MS.] × That this line was to be omitted is not [*to be*] clearly expressed in your directions as I will show you. [*All the MS. notes on this page are in Cottle's hand.—Ed.*]

^{deep}
 In the [*long*] sabbath of ^{blest} [*high*] self-content ;
 Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
 God's Image, Sister of the Seraphim.



THE DARK LADIÈ.
THE STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.
LEWTI.

[British Museum, Add. MSS. N^o. 27, 902.]

THE DARK LADIÈ.

1

O leave the Lily on its stem ;
O leave the Rose-bud on the spray ;
O leave the Elder-bloom, ^{fair} [*dear*] Maids !
And listen to my lay.

2

A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my Harp you twin'd,
Because it fashion'd sad and sweet
It's murmurs to the wind ;

3

And now a tale of Love and Woe,
A woful tale of Love I sing :
Hark, gentle Maidens ! hark—it sighs
And trembles on the string !

4

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
 It sighs and trembles most for thee !
 O come, and hear what cruel wrongs
 Befell the Dark Ladiè.

5

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My Hope, my Joy, my Genevieve ;
 She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make[s] her grieve.

[O ever in my lonely walk]
 I feed upon that blissful hour,

In lonely walk and noontide dre:
 [Each thought, each feeling of the
 All lovely sights, each tender nam

midway on the Mount ^{we} [I stood] [I sat]
 When [we two stood upon the Hill]

All, all are Ministers of Love,

Beside the ruin'd tow'r.

That stir our mortal frame.

The Moon ^{[stole] [upon]}
^{shine stealing o'er} [be] [blended] [on] the ^{scene} [ground]
^{Had} [And] blended with the lights of Eve—
^{stood near,}
 And she [was there,] my Hope, my Joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !



[I play'd a soft and ^{doleful} mournful] air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old ^{rude} [wild] song, that fitted well
The Ruin wild and hoary.

With flitting Blush and downcast eyes,
In modest melancholy grace,
The Maiden stood : perchance, I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face.—]



Against a grey Stone rudely carv'd,
 The Statue of an armed Knight,
 She lean'd, ⁱⁿ [the] melancholy mood,
 [An] To watch'd the lingering Light.—

<i>[I feed upon that hour of Bliss,]</i> <i>O ever in my waking dreams</i> <i>[That ruddy eve, that blissful hour]</i>	<i>[O ever when I walk alone,]</i> <i>I feed upon that blissful hour</i>
---	--

When midway on the Mount I ^{sate} [stood] [When m]
 Beside the ruin'd Tower.

The Moonshine stealing o'er the Scene
 Had blended with the lights of Eve ;
 And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

[*She lean'd against a tall* ^[chissel'd] *Stone,*
The Statue of a]

She lean'd against an armed man,
 The Statue of an armed Knight ;
 She stood and listen'd to my Harp
 Amid the lingering light.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song, that fitted well
 The Ruin wild and hoary.

12

She listen'd with a flitting Blush
 [*With flitting Blush & downcast eyes,*]

With downcast eyes [*in*] [&] modest grace

[*She listen'd; [^{for}and] perchance, I gaz'd*] For well she knew I could not choose

Too fondly on her face.

But gaze upon her face !

14

[*I gaz'd, and when*] I sang of Love, told her how he pin'd : & ah !

The deep, the low, the pleading 'Tone

With which I sang another's Love,

Interpreted my own.

15

She listen'd with a flitting Blush

With down-cast eyes & modest grace ;

^{And}
 [*Yet*] she forgave me, that I gaz'd

Too fondly on her face

16

But when I sang the cruel scorn,

That craz'd this bold & lovely Knight

And how he cross'd the mountain woods,

Nor rested day nor night—

How sometimes from the hollow Trees
 And sometimes from the darksome Shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green & sunny glade

There came, and ^{look'd} [*star'd*] him in the Face
 An[*d*] Angel beautiful & bright,
 And how he knew it was a fiend,
 And yell'd with strange affright—

R . A

And how unknowing what he did
 He leapt amid a murderous band ;
 And sav'd from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land—

And how she wept & kiss'd his knees,
 And how she tended him in vain ;
 And how she strove to expiate
 The scorn that craz'd his Brain—

And how she nurs'd him in a cave— ;
 And how his madness went away—
 When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying man he lay—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My ^{falt'ring} [*trembling*] Voice & pausing Harp
 Disturb'd her soul with pity. —

All impulses of Soul & Sense
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
 The Music & the doleful Tale,
 The rich & balmy Eve ;

And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,
 An undistinguishable Throng ;
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 —Subdued & cherish'd long—

^{[And] While}
 [While] [f] Fancy, like the ^{midnight} [nuptial] Torch
 That bends & rises in the wind,
 Lit up with wild and broken lights
 The Tumult of her Mind.—

She wept with pity & delight ;
 She blush'd with love & maiden shame
^{like the} ^{of a dream,}
 [The] And [in a] murmur [faint and sweet]
^[I heard her] breathe my name]
 [She half-pronounced my name]
 She breathed her Lover's name—

I saw her gentle Bosom heave
 Th' inaudible & frequent sigh ;
 And ah ! the ^{modest} [bashful] Maiden mark'd
 The wanderings of my eye[s]—

And closely to my [^{side}heart] she press'd,
And closer still with bashful art,
[And ask'd me with her swimming eyes]
That I [^{might}would] rather feel than see
^{The swelling of her Heart}
[Her gentle Bosom rise.—]

[And now serene, serene & chaste,] I calm'd her fears ; & she was calm
[But soon in calm and solemn tone]
And
[She] told her love with maiden pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My [^{dear}bright] & lovely Bride.]

And now once more a tale of Woe,
 A woful tale of love I sing
 For thee, my Genevieve, it sighs
 And trembles on the string.

When last I sang of Him whose heart
 Was broken by a Woman's scorn—
 And how he cross'd the mountain woods
 All frantic & forlorn ;

I promis'd thee a [*illeg.*] moving Tale
Of Man's perfidious cruelty—
Come then & hear what cruel wrongs
Befell the dark Ladiè.

The Dark Ladiè.—

[*ANOTHER MS.*]

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
All, all that stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love
And fan his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams
I feed upon that happy hour
When midway on the mount I sate
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the Scene
Had blended with the lights of Eve ;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the armed Man,
The statue of the armed Knight ;
She stood and listen'd to my Harp
Amid the lingering Light.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story ;
And old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting Blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning Brand,
And how for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

[MS. ends here, in the middle of the page—the
following begins on a fresh leaf—Ed.]

And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,
An undistinguishable Throng,
And gentle Wishes long subdued
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her Bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not chuse but love to see
Her gentle Bosom rise.

Her wet cheeks glow'd : she stepp'd aside—
As conscious of my Look she stepp'd :
Then suddenly with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half-inclos'd me with her arms,
She prest me with a meek embrace,
^{And}
[*Then*] bending back her head, look'd up
And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly, Love & partly [*f*] Fear,
And partly twas a bashful Art,
That [*rather*] I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her Heart

I calm'd her Fears, & she was calm,
And told her Love with maiden pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright & beauteous Bride.

[MS. ends here near the top of the page.]

THE STRIPLING'S WAR-SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

My noble old Warrior ! this Heart has beat high
Since you told of the Deeds that our Countrymen
wrought—

Ah give me the [^{Sabre,}*Falchion*], that h^{ung}[*angs*] by thy Thigh,
And I too will fight as my Forefathers fought.

O despise not my Youth/ for my Spirit is steel'd
And I know, there is strength in the grasp of my Hand :
Yea, as firm as thyself would I move to the Field
And as proudly would die for my dear Native-land !

In the sports of my Childhood I mimick'd the Fight ;
[*And t*] The [^{shrill}*sound*] of a Trumpet suspended my
breath ;

And my fancy still wander'd by [*d*] Day and by Night
Amid tumults and perils, 'mid conquest and Death !

My own eager Shout ^{in the heat of my Trance} [*when the Armies advance*]

How oft it awakes me from dreams full of Glory,

^[A s]
[*When*] I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France
^{When}

And have dash'd him to earth pale and breathless and
gory !

^{As}
[*When*] late thro' the City with bannerets streaming
[*The*] To the [*Sound*] of [*the*] Trumpets
^{music}

[*With a terrible beauty*] the Warriors flew by :

(With helmet & scymitar naked and gleaming

On their proud trampling thunder-hoof'd Steeds did
they fly ;)

[*And the Host pacing after in gorgeous parade*

All mov'd to one measure in front and in rear ;

^{P i p e}
And the [Flute,] Drum & Trumpet such harmony made

As the souls of the Slaughter'd would loiter to hear !]

I sped to yon Heath that is lonely & bare—

F o r

[And] each nerve

[*For my Soul*] was unquiet, each pulse in alarm !

I hurl'd my mock-lance thro' the objectless Air

And in open-ey'd Dream prov'd the strength of my
Arm.

Yes ! noble old Warrior ! this Heart has beat high
Since you told of the Deeds that our Countrymen
wrought :

Ah ! give me the Falchion that hung by thy [*thig*]
Thigh

And I too will fight as my [*illeg.*] Forefathers fought !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[*LEWTI*;

OR, THE CIRCASSIAN'S LOVE CHANT.]

High o'er the silver rocks I roved
To forget the form I loved
In hopes fond fancy would be kind
And steal my Mary from my mind
 'Twas twilight & the lunar beam
Sailed slowly o'er Tamaha's stream
As down its sides the water strayed
Bright on a rock the moonbeam play'd
It shone half-sheltered from the view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew

[132]

True, true to love but false to rest,
So fancy whispered to my breast,
So shines her forehead smooth & fair
Gleaming through her sable hair
I turned to heaven—but viewed on high
The languid lustre of her eye
The moons mild radiant edge I saw
Peeping a black-arched cloud below
Nor yet its faint & paly beam
Could tinge its skirt with yellow gleam
 I saw the white waves o'er & o'er
Break against a curved shore
Now disappearing from the sight
Now twinkling regular & white
Her mouth, her smiling mouth can shew
As white & regular a row
Haste [*H*]haste, some God indulgent prove
And bear me, bear me to my love
Then might—for yet the sultry hour
Glow from the sun's oppressive power

Then might her bosom soft & white
Heave upon my swimming sight
As yon two swans together heave
Upon the gently-swelling wave
Haste—haste some God indulgent prove
And bear—oh bear me to my love



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